

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Is Your God A Dog"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Crosstown traffic
Black to black
You should a seen 'er
Long and winding road to the arena
Crystal ball
I prophesized
What was on the horizon
Forewarned yall
Is it any wonder
What kind of ground you goin under
A September ender
To march madness remember?
You never heard a murder
Take for example
Unsolved mystery
Life lost in a funk sample
Enter the bandwagons
Braggin hangin banners
Clearin the way for younger MCs
And new hammers
What was criticized six years back
Is now back
With New York on the jersey front and back
Feel like Tiger Woods
Got madd goods
Way up from the cheap seats
Comin outta the hood
Race to the black seats
Amongst the wack seats
Be the hardcore
Alongside the deadbeats
The world lookin on
Like spectators
At crucified gladiators
Feels like a jungle inside
Where fish swim birds fly
Man got a tendency to die
Man falls to the hands of man
But damn if I'll ever try
To survive at courtside
Four tickets to fly
Rap or play ball do the game
Or duck the drive by

Same league that defends
Be the same ones that do us in

Spys
CIA - FBI
And them suits in that
Corporate sky
Eye for an eye
The target is the bad guy
Heard the war is on
From the announcer
Bound to get the crowd
Bouncin
Yes and it counts and
In this corner representin the
Best in the west
Died from four bullets
Two in the chest
Worshipped on the other side
Of TV sets
Had madd fans
Comin outta both sex
Sold, multi platinum
Eight times gold
But died of homicide
Twenty five years old
Heard he died in debt too
I ain't seen a winner yet, you?
The confused crowd boos
The move shit
In that corner
Number one in the east
The peace cursed for life
By the mark of the beast
Raised by peeps rode jeeps
Deep in Brooklyn beats
Praised as a hero
Who came up off the streets
The crowd looks on
Claimin sides they don't own
A house built up on
Their skulls and bones
Knew it be a matter of time
The play by play
Two rappers slain
Main
So let us pray

Wit all the gunnin
Crowd goin crazy
Gettin bigger
Proud to be called a bunch
Bitches and niggas
The ghetto stage fulla
Field nigga goals
Hip hop shoot outs vs those house negros

Five bodies got on the shot clock
Runnin down in the count made
 The scoreboard rock
 The referees the LAPD
 The LVPD
 Said they couldn't catch
 What they couldn't see
 Question
Was it bigger than the names
 Not only in the game
But the game behind the game
 Down to the remaining
 Seconds of this record
 Anatomy of a murder
 Intensity of a mystery
 Dead and gone
As the heads looked on
 Helpless
As the atmosphere preyed on
 Investigating
 And the winner be
 Interscope/UNI Arista/BMG
 Lost in overtime
Da tombstone trophy for people that shit
 The rhymes that died
 Beats that deceased
 Fuck best
 Rest in peace

Rainy days from stormy nights
 Though the stars shined
 Days were bright
 That was then this is now
 That was them this is how

Rainy days from stormy nights
 Though the stars shined
 Days were bright
 Live and die by the sword
 Come playoff time
 Is your lord a god
 Or is your god a dog?